

THE METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1839.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Sea-Captain ; or, the Birthright. A Drama, in Five Acts.
By the Author of "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," &c.

Audiences, night after night, have applauded this play, and those who are not in the habit of frequenting the playhouse have bought and read it by their fire-sides. Yet we perceive by the preface to the fourth edition, that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer complains of that spirit of depreciation and hostility, which he says has been testified towards him and his drama, by the *general* contributors to the periodical press. We think that he gives too much importance to the criticisms of party newspapers, which, perhaps, never more than at the present day, weigh their praise and their blame in the foul balances of faction. In two little words, made use of at the end of this preface, he tells the whole story. The words are "political differences ;" and these words express, include, and imply, not merely in literary criticism, but also in strictures upon character, all that is base, all that is unfair, all that is malicious. When we fix our eyes upon these dishonouring indications, we feel a sinking of the heart ; and but for other symptoms of intellectual improvement, we should conclude that the civilisation of England was retrograding. Billingsgate has been out-roared by St. James's ; fish-fags and costermongers have been outdone by Tory dowagers and by old lords that ought to have carried the creel ; parsons have assumed the rhetoric of the inquisition ; and men that write in newspapers have thought it proper or profitable to rival the filthiness of the printer's devil, and to throw dirt might and main. The whole of the faction, whether dowagers, old lords, parsons, or newspaper scribes, seem to have adopted that great principle of operation, "throw dirt—some of it will stick—only throw dirt !" All this is quite enough to account for whatever attacks may have been made upon Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer and his play ; and so coarsely has the slashing work been done, in most instances, that we believe, if the author's politics were different, the very passages which have been cited as blemishes would have been quoted as transcendent beauties. There are faults in the play, but few of the critics have known how to detect them. In justice to the author, we will insert a few of his own explanations as

they appear in his preface to the fourth edition. It has been asserted about town that the *Sea-Captain* was written for Mr. Macready, with a view to his peculiar acting. Sir Edward denies the fact, saying, that if it appears so on the stage, it is thus made, not by the design of the author, but by the genius of the actor. He assures us that the character meant to be, by far, the highest in the play, is that of Lady Arundel. What follows will help audiences and readers to the author's conception or intention.

"To this character it has been objected, that her preference for her second son is unnatural, because the elder was the offspring of a love-marriage, and the second of forced and reluctant nuptials. But whoever will take the trouble to look a little more closely to the story will see that this objection is wholly frivolous. Lady Arundel, in relating her own tale, does *not* dwell on her love for her first husband as one of a deep and enduring nature: she says emphatically that 'she had *misplaced* her heart'—she implies that her affection had been the fancy of the child rather than the love of the woman; she indulges in none of the tender regrets for the loss of her first husband which would have been natural to the woman who had loved deeply. The leading characteristic of Lady Arundel is pride—pride of her name, her station, her ancestors, her unstained repute: even her love for Percy is the love of the proud rather than the fond mother. It is when Lord Ashdale expresses (Act IV.) haughty and aristocratic, rather than amiable or affectionate sentiments, that she obtains the victory over her struggling conscience, and exclaims, 'I will know no son but him.'

"It is needless to comment upon the utter unfairness of some critics, who assert that the plot turns on Lady Arundel's "loathing" for Norman. There is no loathing from first to last: it is, even in the second Act, a constant struggle, not between hatred and affection, but between *two affections*, one made stronger than the other by the custom and habit of a life. And, to back her reasons for rejecting Norman, it must never be forgotten that there are, besides her love for Percy, all the pride of a woman living in the haughtiest age of English nobility, and every impulse of shame lest a marriage that dishonoured her should be detected, and her scutcheon stained and defaced by the crime of her own father.

"The character of Norman is not designed for one of intellect, of thought, of reasoning—but of affection, sentiment, and passion. To judge of the sacrifice he makes, and of the moral included in that sacrifice, we must not judge as lawyers or casuists: we must go back to the ethics of the classical drama,—the propriety of setting before the public the nobleness of sacrificing something to others. In the tragic or Greek drama, as in *Iphigenia*, it is *life* that is thus offered up. In this country, and in this day, a moral more wanted is the sacrifice, not of life, but of what most men live for—money and ambition! The experiment of concluding a play with this kind of self-immolation—with a catastrophe that is not physical—with a moral that goes against what is called poetical justice, was hazardous. But something in that Human Nature which stirs through a multitude made it succeed on the stage, in spite of its direct opposition to all vulgar theatrical usages.

"It has been said that the character of Norman might have been equally applicable to a land-captain as a sea captain: I do not think the sentiments he utters would have been natural except in a seaman. If the gentlemen who write for the newspapers think otherwise, and that they could all have been Normans under similar circumstances, I do not see why they should sneer at his generosity!

"'But,' says another reviewer very gravely, 'all the adventures are on land!' It would have been a little difficult to have made a play in five acts, with the quarter-deck for a scene. It is a more plausible objection, that Norman is not exactly the rough, rollicking, jolly tar of modern times. But a young man brought up alone by a learned priest—with a mystery attached to his birth—with deep, affectionate yearnings for his home and parents—incited first to the sea by wild tales of those new-discovered lands which had inspired the poetry, no less than the enterprise of his own time,—fired by the example of Raleigh,—and serving under that, the most accomplished courtier and scholar of his age, may well be supposed to be of a different tribe from the heroes of Smollett, and to be something of the cavalier and the poet, as well as the adventurous sailor."

This is perfectly just; and at the period in which Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer fixes his Sea-Captain, there was many a sea commander as well bred and as courteous as Norman. The adventurers that hurried to the New World were chiefly men of family, but born poor, or rendered so by misfortunes or their own extravagance—an extravagance encouraged by Elizabeth among her nobles and courtiers for more reasons than one. Raleigh sacrificed a cloak, others sacrificed houses and lands, and vast estates, to make a figure at her court. When the famous Sir Richard Grenville first went to Virginia, nearly every man that accompanied him was an accomplished gentleman; and a little later, when Cavendish followed Drake in the West Indies—though these expeditions were as like buccaneering as well could be—he was accompanied by many courtly young gentlemen, the sons of distinguished families, who read the poets and talked platonic philosophy, even while they were plundering the Spanish main.

We subjoin a few words upon the character of Sir Maurice Beavor, which the author considers to have been much misconceived by his critics.

"He is not a miser, though the desire of power has made the habits of his life miserly. Had he been a miser, he could not have jested on his own vice. He is the poor cousin, between whom and a noble heritage has stood a woman whom he despises, and on whose sorrows he retaliates the insults that have soured his life. He has been too near to wealth to have betaken himself to the honest resources of poverty;—whatever talent he may possess has degenerated into cunning, and whatever passion into irritable malice. *Covetousness, as Goethe has well said, is the vice above all others that sharpens the wit and deadens the conscience.* Sir Maurice Beavor has no moral principle—no conscience! He is never sensible of his own villany! When he has brought his ingenuity to bear on some detestable stratagem, he chuckles over and enjoys it, as the child of his own cleverness. *No man lives to overreach others, but at last makes a humorous pleasure of his occupation.* Contempt for mankind produces humour in life, as it does in writing. Malignancy is jocular in action when it thinks itself successful, just as it is jocular in the satire of Swift or the mockery of Voltaire."

The drama is already widely known through the stage, and the press and people who are free from the prejudices and trammels of party, will judge of it by its own merits, which seems to be all the author requires. Nothing that we could say would be at all likely to moderate the rancour of party feeling which he complains of.

"Ah! most from such as *serve men's hates for hire,*
And burn with coals from off the muse's fire,
Oft would we flee, beyond all printing's reach,
Back to the golden days of simple speech,
When yet of *Press* no prophecy could wot,
And e'en preserving manuscript was not.

Pretence. From Poems by John Kenyon.

We will find room for one short extract from the drama, and that shall be a passage which appears to have been excessively criticised.

Violet. O for some fairy talisman to conjure
Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!
And yet in love there's no such word as absence!
The loved one, like our guardian spirit, walks
Beside us ever,—shines upon the beam—
Perfumes the flower—and sighs in every breeze!
Its presence gave such beauty to the world
That all things beautiful its likeness are;
And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most fair,
Breathes with its voice, or like its aspect smiles.

Enter NORMAN.

There spoke my fancy, not my heart!—Where art thou,
My unforgotten Norman?

Norman. At thy feet!
 Oh, have I lived to see thee once again?
 Breathe the same air?—my own, my blessed one?
 Look up—look up—these are the arms which shelter'd
 When the storm howl'd around; and these the lips
 Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss
 Of parting linger'd—as the fragrance left
 By angels when they touch the earth and vanish.
 Look up—Night never panted for the sun
 As for thine eyes, my soul:—

Violet. Thrice joyous day!
 My Norman!—is it thou, indeed!—my Norman!

Norman. Look up, look up, my Violet—weeping? fie!
 And trembling too—yet leaning on my breast.
 In truth thou art too soft for such rude shelter!
 Look up—I come to woo thee to the seas,
 My sailor's bride—hast thou no voice but blushes?
 Nay—from those roses let me, like the bee,
 Drag forth the secret sweetness!—

Violet. Oh, what thoughts
 Were kept for speech when we once more should meet,
 Now blotted from the page—and all I feel
 Is—Thou art with me!—

Norman. Not to part again.

Enter MISTRESS PRUDENCE.

Mistress Prudence. What do I see?—I thought that I heard voices!
 Why, Captain Norman!—It must be his ghost!

Norman. Ah, my fair governante!—By this hand,
 And this most chaste salute, I'm flesh and blood!

Mistress Prudence. Fie, Captain, fie! But pray be gone—The Countess—
 If she should come—

Norman. Oh, then I am a ghost!

Mistress Prudence. Still the same merry gentleman! But think
 Of my responsibilities. What would
 The Countess say, if I allowed myself
 To see a stranger speaking to her ward?

Norman. See, Mistress Prudence?—oh, if that be all,
 What see you now? [Clapping a piece of gold to the left eye.

Mistress Prudence. Why, nothing with the left eye—
 The right has still a morbid sensibility!

Norman. Poor thing!—this golden ointment soon will cure it!
 [Clapping another piece of gold to the right eye.

What see you now, my Prudence?

Mistress Prudence. Not a soul!

Norman (aside.) Faith, 'tis a mercy on a poor man's purse
 That some old ladies were not born with three eyes!

[Prudence goes up the stage.

Violet. Nay, my own Norman—nay!—You heard no step?
 This awful woman—

Norman. Woman! a sweet word!
 Too sweet for terror, Violet!—

Violet. You know not
 The Dame of Arundel—her name cas terror!
 Men whisper sorcery where her dark eye falls;
 Her lonely lamp outlives Night's latest star,
 And o'er her beauty some dark memory glooms,
 Too proud for penitence—too stern for sorrow.—
 Ah! my lost father!—

Norman. Violet, thou and I
 Perchance are orphans both upon the earth:
 So turn we both from earth to that great mother
 (The only parent I have known), whose face
 Is bright with gazing ever on the stars—

The Mother Sea ;—and for our Father, Violet,
We'll look for *Him* in heaven!

[*They go up the stage.*]

Enter LADY ARUNDEL and SIR MAURICE.

[MISTRESS PRUDENCE creeps off.]

Lady Arundel. It must be so!—
There is no other course!

Sir Maurice. Without the proofs
The old man's story were but idle wind—
This rude but hunger-witted rascal shall
To Onslow's house—seize on the proofs—

Lady Arundel. Quick!—quick!—
See to it quick, good kinsman!

[Exit SIR MAURICE.]

Re-enter NORMAN and VIOLET.

Violet. It is she!
Meet her not—nay, you know not her proud temper!

Norman. Pshaw for her pride!—present me boldly!—'Sdeath!
Blush you for me?—He who's a king on deck
Is every subject's equal on the land.
I will advance!

Lady Arundel (*turning suddenly*). Avenging angels spare me!

Norman. Pardon the seeming boldness of my presence.

Violet. Our gallant countryman, of whom my father
So often spoke, who from the Algerine
Rescued our lives and freedom.

Lady Arundel. Ah!—your name, sir.

Norman. A humble name, fair lady ;—Norman.

Lady Arundel. So!

Arm me, thou genius of all women—Craft!
Sir, you are welcome. Walk within and hold
Our home a hostel while it lists you.

Norman. Madam,
'Twill be a thought for pride in distant times
To have been your guest.

Lady Arundel. He knows not what I am.
I will forefend all peril. Fair sir, follow.

[*Re-enters the Castle.*]

Violet. Strange—Norman!

Norman. What?

Violet. I neve knew her yet
So courteous to a stranger.

Norman. Ah, sweet lass!

I told thee right. We Princes of the Sea
Are no such despicable gallants, eh?
O thought of joy!—one roof to shelter both,—
To see thee, hear thee, touch thy hand, and glide
By thy dear side adown the blessed time!
A most majestic lady!—her sweet face
Made my heart tremble, and call'd back old dreams
Of—Well—Has she a son?

Violet. Ah, yes!

Norman. In truth

A happy man!

Violet. Yet he might envy thee!

Norman. Most arch reprover, yes!—as kings themselves
Might envy one whose arm entwines thee thus!

[*Exeunt within the Castle.*]

The Friends of Fontainebleau. By HANNAH BURDON, Author of
 "The Lost Evidence," "Seymour of Sudley," &c.

The scene and period of this historical romance are well chosen. In the latter half of the sixteenth century, when England was comparatively sober and wise under the government of the great Elizabeth, France was distracted by all sorts of jars, jealousies, intrigues, and plots—to some of which, be it said, our English sovereign could be no stranger, inasmuch as she fomented and encouraged them for the purpose of weakening the rival monarchy, and preventing the French from assisting Mary Queen of Scots, whom she equally hated as a woman and as a queen. Upon the death of Mary Stuart's husband, the boyish and feeble Francis II., who, like all sovereigns that died in those days, was supposed to have been poisoned, the court and kingdom of France were distracted by the contentions of the rival factions of Bourbon and Lorraine, which became the more inveterate and dangerous through the differences in religion. The Bourbons, more, we believe, through policy than spiritual conviction, joined the Huguenots; while the Lorraines, the uncles and cousins of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, adhered to the ancient Roman church. In the final misfortunes of the French Protestants, we generally forget their errors and their vices; but the candid historian will confess that the Huguenots were at one time as fiercely intolerant as the Papists, and that they denuded and vulgarised religious worship. We forget what great ambassador it was that said to the English court, that if the French Protestants would only adopt the dignified ceremonials and the forms of the then Anglican church, there might be a chance of all Frenchmen becoming Protestants; but that the coarseness and coldness of the Huguenot worship repelled a people of lively sensibilities, fond of the outward show of decorum and dignity. Our Charles II. meant something of the sort, when he said that the religion of John Knox was unfit for a gentleman.

After the death of Francis II., the crown fell to Charles IX., another weak and sickly boy, who was governed by a remorseless mother, Catherine de Medici, who, in her turn, was domineered over by the princes of the blood and the leaders of the Catholic party. Then began a long and terrible conflict between the Guises, the Condés, the Montmorencies, and the Colignis—a conflict which led to, but did not end in, the execrable massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is in this stirring time that Miss Burdon has fixed her story, which abounds with portraits, not unskillfully drawn, of historical personages. The hero of the tale, Jean de Meré, is the son of an unfortunate noble, who lost his estates and his head by taking part against the ambitious house of Lorraine. When people have good blood in their veins and no money in their pockets, they are pretty sure to have plenty of adventures, particularly if they live in revolutionary times. Jean de Meré, whom Miss Burdon rather improperly calls "Maitre Jean," begins his career in the Protestant court of Navarre; but he gets afterwards to the Catholic court of Fontainebleau, and is involved in plots and conspiracies, and all kinds of exciting adventures, not excepting, of course, those incident to "the course of true love." He is attended by a faithful creature, half idiot and half troubadour, who had been rescued, when only six months old, from the burning ruins of a captured city, by the old Seigneur de Meré, who afterwards brought him up in his château. The meeting of the two after a long separation is thus described:—

"He curled his thin mustachios at the welcome prospect, cut three somersets in the air, though at the very imminent peril of falling from the bank on which he exercised his agility into the hollow way beneath; and then leaping into the road at a bound, instead of commending his fortunes to the care of a favourite saint, as had

long been customary with pious souls on similar occasions, he struck a few disjointed chords on his mandoline, and, in mere gaiety of heart, sang the following words, as he speeded with light step along the horse-road which wound, as he imagined, in the direction of Fontainebleau.

When the night is still
Sprites come unto me
From the breezy hill
And the grassy lea.
Tales they whisper then
In my listening ear,
Such as mortal men
Ne'er from mortals hear.

When the dew-drops fall
From the dappled sky,
Me these fairies call
To their sports on high.

Oft my soul away
Takes her eager flight,
Where on earth they play,
In the groves by night.

Swift with them I ride,
Whilst our bridles ring,
Or in circles glide,
Round the mossy spring;
Sadly day may wane,
Deep its cares may be,
Nought I heed their pain,
Sprites keep watch o'er me.

Occupied by his own fancies, and his ears filled with his wild music, the poor creature hurried forward, unconscious that a well-mounted cavalier was advancing behind him over the soft green mossy turf, and continued carolling his ballad louder and louder as his spirits rose with the excitement of his own melody, exactly in the middle of the path, till he was alarmed by a loud voice, calling him to stand aside.

"He started, and sprang out of the way at the summons, and his amazement could scarcely have been greater had an apparition from the grave appeared before him, than when he lifted his eyes to the face of him by whom he was thus addressed.

"The stranger was mounted on a stout, black, Normandy horse, and wore the light armour which, notwithstanding the increasing use of fire-arms, was still much in fashion amongst fighting-men. His crimson sleeves and short skirt appeared in large folds from under a breast-plate of polished steel, and pistols and broad sword were appended to his wide buff belt, announcing him to be a soldier by profession, or, at that time when a royal proclamation had forbidden the carriage of fire-arms by all save the military or the retainers of the House of Guise, the wide-spreading tops of his heavy riding-boots would otherwise have afforded the usual hiding-place for his weapons. His hair fell, from beneath his plumed but faded bonnet, in curls as black as jet, profusely over a linen collar; and, unkempt and neglected, gave a wildness to a countenance which, but for its haggard and care-worn expression, might have been considered handsome. He was a man apparently about six-and-twenty, with regular and expressive features, but his cheeks, where unhidden by the pointed beard, were thin and sallow, and his dark and deeply-seated eyes, though sad and calm, had a searching brightness which many, after the first glance, shrunk from encountering.

"But very different was the effect they produced upon the wandering minstrel, for, no sooner had their rays met his, than, uttering a cry of delight, he flung himself on his knees beside the horseman, and, embracing his spurred and booted leg with both his hands, kissed it again and again in an ecstasy of the wildest pleasure. It needed no words to convince him that it was his master, his long-sought, his much-loved master, who, as if in fulfilment of his most darling fancies, had thus unexpectedly crossed his path. Half maddened by surprise and joy, the poor creature burst into a passionate flood of tears, when the sieur, recognising, under the disguise of years and strange attire, the playmate of his youth, leaped from his horse, and, for a moment, clasped the hand of the faithful creature with a warmth of feeling calamity had taught him but seldom to betray.

"But the recognition brought to the gentleman more of sorrow than of joy; more of sad thoughts of the past than pleasing anticipations for the future, and he pressed his hand on his brow as if to put away dark visions from before him, after he had scanned for a few seconds the person of his father's favourite. Though changed by years and misfortunes, even more than his own, it was too peculiar to be for one instant mistaken by any who had once beheld it, and, had he at first entertained the slightest doubt of his identity, the discordant laugh by which the tears of the minstrel barber were speedily followed, and the agility with which a minute afterwards he began to sing and caper, would at once have proved that he was not only his early playmate, but as wild and capricious in advanced life as in his younger years.

"The Sieur de Meré had for long been little accustomed to aught either of gaiety

or glee; his life had been one of flitting pleasures and baffled hopes, and, though at the earnest entreaty of Pierre, who was only withheld by respect from clasping the haughty soldier in his slender arms, he did withdraw his hand from his face, the smile was very sad with which he requited these strange expressions of attachment; and his voice was, perhaps, yet sadder when, after these were past, he inquired what had brought the minstrel so far from his native province, and whither he was bound?

"Where should I be going but to look for thee, my dear, dear master?" he returned; 'you came to me one-sun-shiny morning as I was sitting by the side of the brook, in the likeness of a blue winged glittering fly, and told me to speed away, for you were waiting here to meet me; and though Gabriel the miller laughed, and his wife Rose laughed louder, and called me fool to boot, I cared not; for I knew, though they did not, what you meant to say when you cried buz, buz, buz, in my ear that fine summer's morning.'

"I have no recollection of having taken such a flight," said the gentleman gravely; for he remembered with compassion the weakness of his companion.

"No matter," cried Pierre, 'behold you are here, and that is sufficient to prove it was you, and no other. My wit often flies where my body goes not; and why should not yours, Maitre Jean?'

"Nay, your question is too subtle for me," replied the sieur, 'nor have I time to discuss the matter; for both my wit and my body are at present bound on the same journey, and time presses.'

"Alas! and art thou weary of me so soon, Maitre Jean?" exclaimed the minstrel sadly, whilst tears streamed from his eyes; 'time was when we have sported together all day long, and thou as prompt at sunset for new gambols as the bat that came fresh from its roost. Ah! it is true, as your father taught me,

When summer comes, the springs are dry,
When feathers grow, then young birds fly,
The ripe grain falls when winds are high,
With age youth's joys depart;
No mountain stream runs ever clear,
The cuckoo sings not all the year,
The tenderest grass grows harsh and seer,
And cold the warmest heart.'

"Would mine were frozen! but it is only saddened," replied De Merè, to this snatch of a well-remembered ballad; 'and if thou canst keep pace with my charger, thou art welcome, and it please to follow me, though I warn thee, it is like to profit thee little.'

"What came I here for?" cried the minstrel abruptly: 'when the chickens run cackling after the housewife, I guess they lack feeding; when a crow sits on the sheep's back, it is plain he is filching his wool; and when the miller lets his stream go turn his neighbour's wheel, it is evident he hath no need of it; therefore, what should bring me here but my own pleasure, which is to follow you to the world's end.'

"Nay, I travel not so far," said the sieur, 'though it were wiser in me to be riding with all speed towards Fontainebleau than tarrying thus to chop such fool's logic with thee here in the green forest, when the sun is well nigh set, and it concerns me to be there before the Duke of Guise, and his holy brother the Cardinal of Lorraine, reach the palace from Paris.'

"God help you, Maitre Jean, if you have the ill luck to call these wolves your friends," returned the minstrel sharply: 'it is well for you, when you keep such company, that you have no fleece left to betray your relationship to the poor sheep they butchered in your own fold.'

"Peace! peace! Pierre," cried his master, in a sad voice, and a cloud gathered upon his brow as he leapt upon his horse, which would have sufficed to cut short the thread of most men's eloquence.

"But Pierre heeded not his displeasure. He only replied with one of his unmeaning laughs; and with his happy eyes fixed upon the countenance of de Merè, ran along by the side of his stirrup with unwearied agility, though the charger he bestrode had already resumed its former rapid trot.

"Through bush and brake, over lawn and glade, they thus continued to advance, till the officer, after being long immersed in deep thought, appeared suddenly to remember his companion, and instantaneously reined in his horse, from an impulse of compassion to the devoted creature.

" 'Thou art surely out of breath, my good fellow,' he said in doing so; 'I have ridden too hard for thee.'

" 'Not a whit, not a whit,' he replied, without breathing either quicker or shorter than before the exercise; 'when I am following you, my dear Maitre Jean, I could run down a greyhound, or the wave that leaps the precipice in pursuit of its fellow.'

" 'Hast thou travelled far to-day, my poor Pierre?' inquired the gentleman with a tender compassion in his voice and manner, which brought tears into the eyes of the lonely creature, who coveted nothing upon earth but his love.'

" 'Not so far as you, master,' he answered, 'if I may judge by the dust on your doublet.'

" 'Yet I only rode forth from Fontainebleau at noon,' returned de Merè, 'on a fool's errand, it has proved, to speak with one I found not.'

" 'And like many as wise a gentleman,' said Pierre, 'you met a fool you sought not.'

" 'Yet one I know is honest,' returned the officer, 'and that, as the world goes, I have learnt to prize as a rare quality either in fool or philosopher, and moreover thou art alone in the world, and so am I—or nearly so; we were nourished under the same roof—you knew the home I shall never regain—the father I can no more behold; I am weary of strange faces, who know me only as I am, not what I was, and thou must abide with me, Pierre.'

" 'Surely, surely,' cried the minstrel, who, from the instant his eyes had rested on the countenance of de Merè, had never doubted that necessity for an instant.'

" 'I am poor, and can give thee slender hire,' continued the gentleman.

" 'I lack not but thy love,' returned his companion: 'when alone, have I not fed on the hurtle berries and drunk of the brook? have I not made my nest with the lark in the long grass, or slept with the swallow under the mined wall, and why, when with thee, should I crave better shelter? Look you, master, if you are poor, I have coin, though you think it not, and when that fails, I will dance and sing to the court gentles, and earn more than enough for thee and me.'

" 'I thank thee, good Pierre,' replied the sieur bitterly, 'but when thou hast dwelt amongst the great as long as I have, thou wilt learn that subtler arts than thine are needful to lure coin from their purse. But the service I crave from thee now is less difficult. Can thine eyes reach as far as that old house standing behind yon broken wall on the outskirts of the town?'

" 'Truly if they could not, at double the distance, know a goose's egg from a green gosling, they were no more worth than a beetle's, and I would pluck them out to let better grow.'

" 'Spare them for the present, since thou wilt need them to guide thee thither with my palfrey,' returned de Merè, dismounting as he spoke; 'thou wilt find a stable on thy right hand, after entering the gate, where there is no lack of provender, and when thou hast relieved the tired beast of its saddle, thou may'st either dispose of thyself within the house where I have lodged for this week past, or proceed further in search of better fortune.'

" 'Nay, nay, master, shake me not off, like a worn-out mantle,' replied Pierre with tearful, longing eyes; 'I will serve thee like a spaniel that comes and goes at thy bidding, and crave no more than the crumbs that fall from thy table, if thou wilt let me abide under thy roof, to trim thy beard, which I see hath waxed strong, and hath much need of it—or I will brush thy doublet, Maitre Jean—or fly thee a kite—or harry a nest—or rob an orchard as I have done before now, if thine inclination still hankers after rosy-cheeked pippins; and, though the law is hard in the matter of vineyards, I am light of hand, and can abstract a bunch, and no man the wiser.'

" 'Thou forgettest, Pierre,' said his master with a grave smile, 'we are both somewhat older since we parted.'

" 'Not a whit—not a whit!' cried the poor minstrel. 'I cut a higher caper than either priest or layman in the last feast of fools, and since mine eyes have beheld thee again, I feel nimbler and younger than the day I was born.'

" 'It is well for thee, Pierre,' was the officer's reply, 'so I pray thee make all speed whither I have directed thee, and, if thou wilt take service with one who has neither lands nor offices, thou must e'en be content with slender fare, and worse lodging.'

" 'A fairy never lacks a blossom to lay its head in, nor a drop of dew to quench its thirst,' said the simple wanderer as he took the bridle from his master's hand, and was about to turn away; 'there are acorns and blackberries, when the flesh-pots lack savour.'

" 'Thou art a precious follower where none give service but in selfishness, so get thee to my lodging,' said de Merè, 'and look that thou art as careful of that good steed as thou wouldst be of his master, for it is his last possession.'

" 'Trust me,' rejoined Pierre, and he sprang on its back with the agility of a monkey on a terrier, 'but you will not tarry long; I would fain trim your beard to-night before we sleep, Maitre Jean, for my old master himself would not know you with such a wilderness on your chin.'

" 'We will think of it,' said the sieur, smiling; 'but as I guess by the gathering crowd that the noble brothers of Lorraine are approaching, I must leave thee to proceed alone, and make all speed down this narrow lane which leads by the shortest way to the Place des Armes.'

" So saying, de Merè waved his hand to his strange groom, and hurried from him by the path of which he had spoken.'

Poor Jean de Merè is scarcely more fortunate than his father, being, at the end of his adventures, brought to the block; but his bosom friend, the Count de Clermont, has a happier fate, being married to the fair Clemence, and restored to a peaceful home among the fields and vineyards of the Angoumois.

There are some few things to which, critically and historically, we might object; but we believe that the story will be perused by novel readers with unmitigated pleasure. It contains all the accessories which most strike the young and romantic—forests, glens, monasteries, monks, nuns, &c. &c. The burning of the convent of St. Claire, towards the end of the third volume, is a striking incident and exceedingly well managed. In general Miss Burdon has a sobriety and propriety of language which is as rare in this class of books as it is delightful. Some of her little snatches of song are wild and plaintive.

PIERRE'S SONG.

" Ah, well-a-day,
The world is gay,
But I am sad!
Fools laugh and play,
Their life away,
Wise men go mad.

Ah! where, I pray,
Speeds man away,
Through joy and grief?
To earth's cold breast,
Where all must rest,
His course is brief!"

What De Fellenberg has done for Education.

This is a little book, but the subject of which it treats is the greatest which can occupy the attention of civilised man. This subject is education, in its widest and highest sense, including moral training, as also the art of bettering the physical condition of the poor, by teaching them practically and theoretically the great science of agriculture. We believe that while preserving the secrecy of the name, we may state that the volume has been published under the auspices of a person not less distinguished by rank than an ardent philanthropy, and a generous anxiety for all that tends to promote the morals and well-being of society. It is sad to reflect how little has been done in England to direct attention to the important experiments that have been long in progress in Switzerland. In our own reading we have scarcely met with anything (in English) about De Fellenberg and his institutions, except a short article in the "Penny Magazine," one or two articles in the "Quarterly Journal of Education," and a small pamphlet by Mr. Duppa.

Besides an admirable sketch of what De Fellenberg has really done, the pages before us contain a lucid view of the history of education and society in Europe at large. Our inclination would lead us to a long essay upon these important topics, but we have neither time nor space to in-

dulge it; and, after all, we doubt whether we could say anything so good as what is here said by our author. We shall, therefore, simply extract a few passages to convey some notion of a little book, which we most earnestly recommend to the attention of all who have heads capable of thinking and hearts capable of feeling for their fellow men—and especially to the study of all who are aware of the necessity of reforming education, of which we may say now, even as Milton said in his days, that this is “one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof the nation perishes.”*

In the following passage the merits of De Fellenberg, and the demerits and criminal apathy of governments in general, are not overrated.

“The name of De Fellenberg is familiar to all the civilised nations of Europe and North America, and may now be mentioned without offence. This expression implies that it once was otherwise. Yes; the age in which he has lived having been one of political storms, every name which was eminent enough to appear above the surface of the troubled waters was claimed or denounced by a party; none could escape. Even those who disclaimed all party, but who, from the highest motives, thought they were bound not to live for themselves alone, nor to hide their talent in a napkin, but to labour, like the holy men of old, according to the light given them, for the permanent good of their fellow-creatures, were exposed to a moral martyrdom, from the ignorance, misconception, and hostility of their contemporaries.

“Schools and education had certainly been heard of from the times of Rome and Greece—had not been totally destroyed at the fall of the Empire—and had in a degree revived with the revival of learning: but the kind of education which Fellenberg contemplated, with its application to the lowest as well as the highest class of society, was so new, that it is still a novelty in enlightened England, after his forty years’ experimental labours at Hofwyl. The great object to which he had determined to devote his life was the practical solution of the question, whether it is possible to influence and form the human character by early discipline and instruction; to set the motives, feelings, and passions in a proper course; to fix in the mind moral and religious principles, giving rise to corresponding habits of action; to store the mind with just ideas, and the heart with Christian sentiments. He wished to raise the school from a mere technical system to one of intelligence; and from a place of irksome constraint to one of pleasing and beneficial occupations.

“As these objects had never been attained, nor even attempted, with a direct, specific, and undivided purpose, Fellenberg’s wise and benevolent plans for the improvement of character were looked at as dangerous innovations in the usual mode of bringing up the young, and as connected with some deep, secret plot for the subversion of society. He had, therefore, to contend, during many years, with a combination of ignorance, prejudice, and, we fear we must add, in some instances, of malignity. Before his time, almost the only medium of instruction for the people was the pulpit; almost the only means of discipline, of training and forming character, were domestic; which domestic training consisted in a short intercourse between parent and child at certain hours of the day, when labour was over; and in permitting the children, during the rest of the day, to wander at large in the streets of towns, or the fields of the country, encouraging each other to vice and impiety. It was this pernicious training which Fellenberg proposed to supersede by one of order, method, and discipline; to put useful employment in the place of mischievous idleness, and hourly christian instruction and superintendence in the place of total neglect and ignorance. Was such a scheme feasible? and if so, would it not be better and more christian than the former state of things?

“Fellenberg was led to study this question in consequence of observing the state of Europe, at that time convulsed by the French revolution. The ambition of political power was the moving principle of the few, to which the many were made subservient; and the lives of all, instead of being passed in the exercise of peaceful virtues, with the hope and expectation of a better world, were exhausted in the rage and passions of savages. Fellenberg groaned over this exhibition of human ferocity,—over the social ruin which it occasioned,—over the total absence of christian character which it betrayed. He beheld christian men, as they called themselves, tearing one another to pieces, and for no ostensible good,—the mere instruments of the few ringleaders of the world’s misery. Human nature seemed to have discarded

* “Of Education. To Master Samuel Hartlib.” Milton’s Prose Works.

all virtue, and to have become the receptacle of that assemblage of vices denounced by the apostle—'envy, variance, wrath, strife, hatred, sedition, drunkenness, revelings, adultery, murder.'

"Fellenberg at first imagined that something might be done amongst the rulers of mankind, the directors of the political storm, to calm this turbulent state, and to introduce harmony into this chaos; but he found them totally indifferent and apathetic, and blind to all but the scene in which they lived. Every man forms a horizon for himself by his actions, thoughts, and reading. The demagogue sees nothing but the mob before him; the soldier, nothing but the battle; the politician, often, especially in troublous times, nothing but the intrigues around him. None but the christian philanthropist can take an enlarged view of man in his present and future hopes—his social conditions, his capabilities of improvement, the possible extent of happiness or misery for which he may be born. The Bible presents him with the ideal perfectibility of universal man; inspiring those who drink deep into its spirit with high and noble hopes for the welfare of humanity, and with an ardent desire to promote it; while those who are wholly absorbed in the business of life remain pagans in a christian age, and all their ideas of man are mean, low, and perishing: to them man still continues 'a brute that perishes.' Fellenberg, therefore, found no sympathy from the statesmen of his day; they were callous to the common social rights of states and of men, as well as indifferent to all views and projects of moral improvement. In fact, what does the mere politician, whether demagogue or tyrant, require of man, but to be a blind instrument in his ambitious grasp? He wishes his follower to have enough mind to direct his physical strength most effectually according to the command of a superior, but no more. It is the enlightened politician—the legislator properly so called—who considers man not as a tool with which he is to work, but as a ward committed to his charge, and for whose character, usefulness, and happiness, he will be held responsible at the day of judgment.

"Fellenberg living in such an age of vice, impiety, and misery, felt keenly the degradation and corruption of man; and also that this was no new state of things, though an aggravated one. He saw that Europe had never been practically christianised; that she had been converted from paganism little more than in name; and that her barbarism had never been extirpated. He beheld in history a swarm of nations issuing from savage forests, conquering a comparatively civilised nation, separating into feudalities, continuing their war with each other, ignorant of letters, studying no art or science but that of the sword. The outbreaks of modern revolutions were nothing but a continuance of the history of the race. It was no new or sudden volcano, acting by new and unknown laws: the causes were deeply laid in the ignorance and barbarism of the people, and in the pugnacious and arbitrary principles of the rulers. We are not here questioning the providential wisdom of the history of man, as shown in the European march from barbarism and paganism to civilisation, Christianity, and rational and constitutional liberty: but we cannot insist too strongly upon our pristine barbarism and ignorance, and the total want of any general moral means of removing them, beyond the formalities of religion; lest it should be imagined that the mass of the people among our ancestors were in possession of ample and efficient means of moral and religious instruction.

"Fellenberg was one of the few who traced the tumults and troubles of his age to the moral depravity of men in their social relations. With the Bible in his hand and an enlightened philosophy in his heart, he considered society and men as they were in fact, as they ought to be as Christians, and as they might be under a proper guidance and system of early discipline and instruction. Unlike others who had preceded him, but with partial and theoretic views of the subject, he did not propound his ideas to the public in writing; but, convinced of the truth, power, and force of the principles he had arrived at, he determined upon submitting them to the test of an experiment, to which he pledged his talents, property, and life,—and for so doing was denounced as the enemy of his race!"

The next passage contains solemn truths which will be recognised by all who have had their eyes open, and which will, or ought to, call up the most serious thoughts.

"At one time vice was the test of loyalty, as piety was of disaffection; and the spread of infidelity was by some considered as a sign of national prosperity. We venture to say that these feelings and judgments are not yet extinct. In our own age it has been scarcely creditable to belong to Bible or missionary societies; and infant-schools

were once considered as the nurseries of freethinkers, or as the visionary projects of Utopian philanthropists. It seemed to be absolutely necessary that mankind should experience practically the utmost horrors, misery, and anarchy of vice and ignorance, and have that experience reiterated upon them generation after generation, before they could be convinced of the inherent and indefeasible malignity of vice, and of the sublime beauty of holiness. The French revolution did indeed strike terror into the hearts of men, and made crime at length detestable. Not that it was the first or only consequence of vicious principles which Europe had witnessed—far from it—for she was bred in war and rapine; but vice appeared in a new garb, and less under the direction of its usual leaders. Still the horror that was felt was more political than moral. Men feared the miseries of vice as exhibited in public convulsions; but they continued blind to its effects on social and domestic happiness. Provided the state were free from change, they cared not for the tears shed in secret over the degradation of private infamy. Another step was necessary in the moral demonstration; which was, that public prosperity and security should be deemed to be utterly incompatible with private vice.”

“ We have said that parents, as soon as society passes from the barbarous state to the pursuit of arts, are totally incompetent to educate their own children, and that the artificial education of the school must commence. This is true of all classes of society, as well as of the lowest. Education becomes an art, as well as the manufacture of articles of consumption. It becomes subject to the law of the division of labour; and they who engage in it will excel in it by the same necessity that a mechanic excels in his peculiar occupation. Upon this principle schools become necessary for all classes, to supply the want of time, attention, and knowledge, in parents of all ranks. If mankind had been capable of anticipating and foreseeing their own wants before they were pressed upon them by a painful experience, schools and schoolmasters would have been coeval with the first transition from a state of barbarian war to one of incipient civilisation and the cultivation of the arts. But man cannot foresee, and can only learn by pain and sorrow how to obviate the recurrence of similar suffering. The formation of character by means of schools—i. e. by means of systematic discipline and instruction—is a new thought. Schools were first established for other purposes; and when established, the formation of character was not an element in their system, nor is it so yet. Schools were established for the sake of mere knowledge; for cultivating the intellect, not the heart. The progress of society required a certain number of persons who could read and write, in order to fill, in church and state, certain offices which had sprung up from the necessities of society; and it was long before these necessities were really supplied. Of those who were thus educated, some turned their attention to literature and general knowledge, and thus opened a new field for the employment of the human mind—a field of mere abstract knowledge and speculation, totally unconnected with practical purposes.

“ But by the same condition that the practical position of government and of the church required that a certain number of persons should receive what was called a learned education, the position of affairs in the middle classes of society also began to make some education appear desirable. Persons were not fitted to carry on the common business of life without a certain amount of instruction; and as only one kind was to be had, men were obliged to send their children to the schools which happened to be in existence. These schools were all of the same character: the subjects taught, and the mode of teaching, were the same, whatever condition of life the pupils were intended for; and this system was a necessary one under the circumstances, because some of the scholars being intended for the learned professions, as they were called, became the principal objects of the master's care. He adapted his system to them; and the others were obliged to follow it, and to make the best of it, though it might not be the best preparation for them and their professions, as it was supposed to be for others.

“ In order to understand the history of schools, and to make allowance for the defects of the early ones, and through this history to improve our own, we must consider that the early schools were confined in the materials they had to work with. These were few and scanty both in kind and degree. Every science and art had to be discovered before it could be taught: grammar and logic, geography and maps, arithmetic, geometry, and natural philosophy, elementary history, the mythology of the classics, illustrations of manners and customs, dictionaries,—everything had to be constructed; so that it is wonderful what and how the early schools contrived to

teach. The subjects taught, and the mode of teaching, had to undergo a progress of discovery and improvement, like all other sciences. It might have been expected, the teachers should have discovered what they were most in want of; but we should bear in mind, that their time and thoughts are occupied, not in discovering, but in teaching. Many of the most important materials of teaching are derived from other professions. The teacher only selects and concentrates what he finds useful to his purpose. The early schools, of necessity exceedingly imperfect, have unfortunately entailed their imperfections upon their successors. The objects they contemplated were unfavourable to enlarged views, or to anything like an educational system. With them education was a mere apprenticeship to the learned languages—a mere trade, not a science. They professed to teach one thing, and one thing only, the grammatical elements of Latin, and, perhaps, of Greek. We say elements, because that degree of teaching which consists in writing and speaking those languages with facility, has hardly yet been attained in any school. This leads us to consider a wonderful fact, that, though every child learns to talk his own language while he is a child, yet, after ten years' teaching of the Latin or Greek language, the scholar has not learnt to speak, and scarcely to write it. The withering effects of this contracted system of teaching, this limiting of instruction to Greek and Latin, were not so much felt in the higher departments of society, for which it was chiefly intended, because such instruction occupied only a portion of a long period of pupilage, and because no other knowledge or science was required in some of the professions; while in others, personal labour and perseverance made up for all deficiencies of elementary teaching. And we must never forget that the innate powers, faculties, and principles of the human mind, are not to be judged of by the results of any teaching which has hitherto prevailed. Teaching cannot create: mind is a creation. Teaching is only moulding that which already exists; and this moulding, if not conducted skilfully, and agreeably with the original laws and intentions of the Creator, will only deface his work, instead of bringing it to its intended perfection. The mind of original ability and talent, therefore, made its way amid all difficulties, and amid the vices of all teaching, to its proper station in the world of mind, and was no proof of any excellence in the system under which it was trained. With the majority of minds it was far different. A contracted and dry system was to them a second nature, and frustrated the first which they had received at birth; and the faults of the teaching were imputed to the original creation. Thus nature became libelled by the very persons who ought to have worshipped her: the beauties they had defaced were pronounced never to have existed, and the distortions of art were asserted to be natural deformities.

"The incurable and ruinous consequences of this contracted system were seen and first remedied in the profession of arms. As the art of war became a science, and dependent upon mind more than upon brute force, real knowledge, a knowledge of arithmetic and geometry, became the only basis upon which it could be erected. Government was therefore obliged to establish schools of its own, adapted to its purpose; not merely schools for completing education, analogous to universities, but elementary schools for teaching the simplest properties of numbers and space. When other persons demanded that these elements should be made a part of teaching in schools, they were pronounced unnecessary and useless, except for certain mechanic arts. When admitted, they were taught by permission rather than upon principle, and a certain air of contempt was thrown over them. Elements upon which depended the perfection of the arts of war and national security and independence, and upon which the whole fabric of the universe was created, were pronounced to be contemptible, and are still held in all the higher English schools to be of very inferior importance.

"The middling classes of society also at length perceived the imperfect and inadequate teaching of the schools. At the age when parents were obliged to remove their children from school, they found them not only deficient in all knowledge calculated to prove practically useful in the employments for which they were destined, but even in that to which their time had been solely devoted. Not to have been taught useful practical knowledge, was an evil; but not to have been taught that which alone had been attempted, was more serious still. These middling classes, however, had not the power, like government, of correcting these evils: they could not establish schools and professorships of their own; neither their time nor their funds allowed of it. They were compelled to accept what the schools offered, and to make the best of it. Fortunately the consequences, however injurious, were not so fatal as they would have proved in the other case, had that also been without a remedy. Inferior

and limited teaching rendered them a less intelligent class of people, less skilful in their employments, less capable of improving their situation and circumstances, less useful members of the community, with fewer resources, fewer means of self-recreation and rational amusement, and left their moral character much lower than it ought to have been; but it did not expose these classes to absolute ruin, as would have been the case with the nation, had government not taken the education of its military servants out of the hands of the common schools."

"The last half century has seen such changes in European society, manners, habits, education, arts, and sciences, as cannot be paralleled in the history of mankind. One of its grandest features has been a moral one: it has been the era of Bibles. In all ages of the christian dispensation, missionaries have been sent forth, more or less, to announce the glad tidings of salvation to all lands; but in none has the Bible itself been sent forth to be its own herald, with or without the accompanying missionary, with the same zeal or to the same extent. In no former age had it been felt, that nations of professing Christians might be enveloped in pagan darkness as much as those who never heard the name of Christ; and that the possession, and therefore the spirit of the Bible, was in many christian places as rare as in pagan land. This was a great moral discovery, however strong the term may appear to be; and the men who could make and feel the value of that discovery possessed no ordinary mind and heart, and were an earnest of the moral spirit which was awakening from its slumbers. This spirit could not fail to diffuse itself into all those subjects which concern the character, happiness, and improvement of man. It should have been watched, appreciated, and directed, instead of being confounded with a mere revolutionary mania. If, indeed, this spirit had not sprung up, all Europe would probably have run the same course of 'decline and fall' as did the empires of old. The Bible stood between us and the precipice, and saved the world politically, as the divine Author of Christianity had saved it morally.

"It was this moral spirit which prompted the education of the people at large—of the lowest order of society, as they have been called. Education had begun to spread among this class beyond the mere demand for it of which we have spoken; but it was expensive, and extremely imperfect, even in imparting the trifling elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The importance, however, of this degree of education, as the handmaid of religion and morality, was beginning to be perceived; and though the ostensible object was principally the acquisition of the elements of knowledge, the real object was an ulterior one—namely, the improvement of character, and the acquisition of christian instruction. When it was discovered that, by proper arrangement, one master might teach the elements to three hundred, or even five hundred children, as perfectly as to a few, the moral spirit of the day was roused to carry such a system into practice; and the magnificent idea occurred of giving to every christian child a christian education.

"The era of popular education had therefore begun—it was the companion of the Bible era. Both had the same object in view; the moral improvement of all mankind, of the universal race, as far as might be permitted by the conditions of this imperfect stage of existence. The one was the foundation, the other the superstructure; the one was the light of the world, the other the guide by which that light was, humanly speaking, to be reached and disseminated.

"But the schools established upon this principle could imitate at first none but those which preceded them in their immediate object, which was, as we have said, more intellectual than moral. They proposed to improve the methods of attaining the elements of knowledge; and though the Bible was introduced as a class-book, yet the mode in which it was read partook more of an intellectual than of a moral exercise. Spelling-lessons were made from it, and detached parts were extracted for reading-lessons, which lost much of their force by being separated from their context; and sometimes sentences were associated for the mere purpose of learning to read, having no connexion in sense with each other. Besides, it is very possible to learn to spell and read, without having any comprehension of the sense. At this day, the children of those who speak the Gaelic language in Scotland are taught to read English fluently, without understanding it. The effects of these schools, therefore, were less perfect than had been anticipated, though as good as, under all the circumstances, could be expected by those who had a practical knowledge of early education, and of the intricacies of the human mind, and of the numerous difficulties to be overcome, before the results of education can be reduced to anything like certainty. An opinion is now very generally gaining ground, that these schools have not

attained all that was desirable, and that their methods require and are susceptible of improvement—that they have been too exclusively intellectual and mechanical—that they do not sufficiently influence the moral habits, and therefore the religious principles of the children. The term *education* is beginning to be understood in its full and legitimate sense, as affecting the whole character of the man, moral as well as intellectual, but principally the former; that its great end and aim should be to form good practical principles and habits, and not great readers and arithmeticians: and these ideas have spread from the lower to the higher schools. *Men may be useful and happy with literary attainments, but not with inferior moral principles and habits.* The miseries of the world in past ages have been occasioned by its vices, not by its ignorance of languages, arts, and sciences, any farther than as the latter may influence the former. *There is a growing conviction that the great antidote to vice and crime, and therefore to political disturbances, is to be found in an improved moral education in the mass of the people."*

In relating what De Fellenberg has done, our author does not forget the ground-work laid by Pestolozzi—that man who was in truth the great friend of humanity and practical religion, and who became a martyr to the grand cause for which men were created. Passing over the agricultural establishment at Hofwyl, which has been described by Mr. Duppa, we come to the following account of Meykirch:—

"When Fellenberg had proved experimentally the truth of his ideas by the success of his agricultural school, he proceeded to prove it still more decidedly by the colony of Meykirch, six miles from Hofwyl. In the year 1816 he purchased fifteen acres of woodland. Thither he sent a master with about twelve children. They were to build themselves a house, to clear and cultivate the land, and to employ their leisure time in learning to read and write, and the elements of knowledge. They were supplied with tools and materials from Hofwyl, and with food till they could raise enough for subsistence. In seven years they repaid all the expenses of their outlay, which was about 150*l.*, and maintained themselves upon their little territory. Fellenberg calculates that fifteen acres of land would support a colony of thirty children upon this plan, which is the greatest number suited to such a system; and that it might be established upon land not available for the general purposes of cultivation. The only difficulty is, to obtain a superintendent properly qualified by temper, character, religious principles, and a complete knowledge of details.

"This colony was compared very naturally to the story of Crusoe upon the desert island. It drew all its supplies at first from Hofwyl, as Crusoe did his from the ship. The children were delighted at the comparison, and worked at their enterprise with the greatest alacrity and zeal, and became naturally strongly attached to the cottage reared by their own hands, and the land converted from a waste to a garden by their own labour. When these little emigrants arrived at the spot which was to be their future home, they found nothing but a shed on the side of a precipitous mountain, under which they slept upon straw covered with sail-cloth. They had to level the ground, and with the earth and rock to form a terrace in front, which soon became a garden. The cottage they built was of one story, with a basement which became the kitchen and dairy, which occupied together twenty-five feet in front. Above this was one room, about twelve feet wide, for the day-room, behind which was a dormitory of the same size, and behind this a stable of the same length, and about nine feet wide. An open gallery was in front of the day-room. At each end of the building was a shed about fifteen feet wide, and running back upon a level with the stable. So that the whole front of the building was fifty feet, and the depth thirty-three; and it was finished in about two years. The colony subsists upon milk, potatoes, and bread. Three hours a day are devoted to instruction, the rest to labour accompanied by explanations. The same system is pursued as at Hofwyl:—reading, writing, drawing, singing, natural history, the history and geography of their country, common arithmetic, mental arithmetic, geometry, land-measuring; a portion of botany, so far as relates to agriculture; the nature of soils and manures, and the rotation of crops; plaiting, sewing, spinning, weaving; social prayer night and morning, religious conversations, Bible lessons; the feelings and affections aroused into action in the midst of their tasks; the duties of life pointed out, as depending upon their relation to one another and to their heavenly Father, his universal love to his creatures, and the inexpressible glories of his works. In the prayers which the master and pupils offer up morning and evening, they never

omit to refer to the advantages and blessings which they enjoy in this asylum, nor to pray that all orphans and destitute children, in all the world, may everywhere find kind protectors who may establish similar asylums for instructing and educating them, so that they may become good Christians and useful members of society.

"This colony is one of the most affecting sights in the world. To behold the happy results of youthful labour, the intelligence of the children, and their contented and grateful dispositions, living upon a fare which most people would despise, and eating nothing but the produce of their own exertions, having converted a wilderness into a garden, and made the desert to blossom as a rose.

"When Meykirch was first established, they wanted water. To attain it, they were obliged, under the direction of a skilful workman, to excavate a passage into a sandstone rock five feet in height and two hundred and eighty in length.

"On Sundays they attend the service at the chapel of Meykirch, and very frequently at Hofwyl."

"We may take this opportunity of observing, that an industrial education in these days is totally different from what it was, or could have been, a century ago. It would then have been mere labour without mental exertion, and without principles either moral or religious: that seems to have been the character of many of the old charity-schools; the children were kept to constant labour, like animals, in unwholesome apartments, and upon a bad diet, without any mental instruction whatever; they were consequently cramped in mind and body; the masters frequently abused their office, and over-worked and ill-treated the children. The present day-schools, which attend merely to mental instruction, however imperfect in forming character, are still far superior to the old charity-schools. But the enlightened labour-school of Fellenberg gives to labour a moral character; and the instruction with which the labour is accompanied, and the intelligence and kindness of the superintendent, give to the same name a totally different meaning. In this school the children, even if they were never to learn to read, would become more intelligent, and better qualified for service, than most of those who are now educated in our best national schools; they would have a practical knowledge of an extensive kind. Agriculture taught in this way comprises in itself a vast fund of knowledge, and all of it of importance: soils, geology, mineralogy, drainage, land-measuring, manuring, chemistry; plants, vegetables, forest trees, fruit-trees, botany; implements, machines; animals, for labour or for food—their habits, food, management—are but a few of the particulars.

"In Fellenberg's school the knowledge is chiefly communicated to the children by word of mouth, not from books.

"The secret of the system lies with the educator."

There is one little fact in the history of De Fellenberg, with which we were not before acquainted. His mother, it appears, was the granddaughter of the celebrated Dutch Admiral Von Tromp. The noble-minded educator has devoted forty years of his life, and the whole of his private fortune, to his plans of agricultural and educational improvements. He has not been better treated than the other great benefactors of mankind, who have had to attack established prejudices. At first his attempts drew upon him the odium of the aristocratic party, which were suspicious of his intention and the consequences of his plans, and subsequently the democratic party assailed him, thinking his plans equally hostile to *their* interests.

In the appendix our author gives a short but interesting account of an agricultural school for orphans at Fearnhead, near Warrington, Lancashire, in which the Swiss model has been successfully followed by Mr. Cropper, a member of the Society of Friends, whose efforts in this direction are so laudable.

The little volume is exceedingly well timed, and will tend to give a proper turn to that excitement and inquiry which now exist on the subject of national education. We again and again claim our readers' attention to the whole book, which may be read through in a single evening.

Poems, written in Newfoundland. By HENRIETTA PRESCOTT.

This amiable and accomplished young lady is the daughter of Captain Prescott, Governor of Newfoundland—a country which we might think not very favourable to the Muses, were we not aware that there is poetry and love in everything and in every place, and that imagination can make sunny skies amidst darkness and tempests, and give

“Italian aspects to a Northern Heaven.”

Some few of the minor pieces contained in this volume have been inserted in the pages of the “Metropolitan,” and will, no doubt, have prepared the reader to think favourably of the fair poet’s feeling and taste. But there are several poems of much greater length, and of more sustained pretension, the longest and the best of them being “Tasso,” a composition in three parts. The title will suggest the recollection of Lord Byron’s unequal but very spirited “Lament;” but Miss Prescott treats the subject quite in a different manner, and begins with the early history of Torquato, and the wanderings and misfortunes of his father, Bernardo Tasso, who was a poet like his son, and, like his son, a man of many sorrows, (among which, however, we would not place his being eclipsed by his son Torquato.)

Bernardo Tasso, after serving the Prince of Salerno as private secretary, retired to a villa at Sorrento, in which lovely place he, who was destined to sing “*Le arme pietose e il Capitano*,” was born. While Torquato was yet an infant, Bernardo was driven by civil wars and revolutions to seek refuge in Rome, whither he summoned his son, when he was about ten years old. This little prose will suffice to make the reader understand the poetry which follows.

“It is the day’s last, ling’ring hour;
 A glory still is lent
 To broken wall, and massive tow’r,
 And time-stained battlement.
 The ruddy light has not yet past
 From vast St. Peter’s dome;
 Fair is the smile the heavens cast
 On Rome! imperial Rome!—
 Imperial still,—although no more
 Her legions pass from shore to shore,
 Led by great conquerors,—
 Although above the mighty dead
 Her humbled eagle bows his head,
 And ’mid the columns, where, of old,
 Her children’s wondrous feats were told,
 The moaning nightwind stirs:
 Imperial still, though Time has rent
 Proud palace, hall, and monument.
 No more upon the Tiber’s banks
 Are ranged her armies’ countless ranks,—
 An altered fate is hers!
 Her once victorious banner furled,
 Her sons who governed half the world,
 Her learned senators,—
 All these are of the things long gone,
 Yet she is still a mighty one!
 She ruleth still a realm of thought;
 By Pilgrims are her loved walls sought
 Still at her name the fond heart thrills,—
 Rome! Empress of the Seven Hills!
 And now in that sweet evening-time,
 A Father and his Son
 Have lingered till the vesper-chime
 Tells them the day is done.

They linger on the Tiber's shore,
 Haunted with images of yore,
 The quiet stillness of the hour
 Hath awed the child's young heart.
 And, silent as a sleeping flow'r,
 He marks the day depart.
 The Father gazes on each pile,
 Renowned in ancient story,
 To which the ray gives back awhile
 More than its former glory ;
 The child is brooding o'er the morrow,—
 The Father o'er his present sorrow !

" My Boy !"—and at that voice's sound,
 So low, so passing sweet,
 The child hath knelt upon the ground
 Beside his father's feet ;
 He tosses back his clust'ring hair,
 He lifts his violet eyes,—
 He gazes not, while kneeling there,
 On field, or stream, or skies.
 He looks but on the mournful face
 That wears for him love's changeless grace :—
 " Torquato ? 'tis a gloomy fate
 To dwell with one so desolate,
 And in thine early childhood's years,
 Be thus familiarized with tears !
 My days are marked with woe and strife,
 But must thy parent's darken'd life
 Cast shadows on thy road ?
 Better among these falling stones,
 Where lie the Roman heroes' bones,
 To make my last abode !"
 No answer hath Torquato made,
 But o'er his brow a gath'ring shade
 Tells of his spirit's pain.

" Torquato, raise thy pure young brow,
 No hope remains to me save thou,
 Oh smile on me again !"
 " Yet tell me, Father,—some fresh care
 Has bowed thy soul thus low,—
 Shall not thine own Torquato's share
 With thine its heavy woe ?"
 " Yes, Boy !—the Spanish host is near,
 And ere to morrow's light,
 Like seamen, who in sadness steer
 Their bark in deepest night,
 We must go forth to ask for bread,
 And shelter for the exiles' head !
 Alas for our bright Italy,
 The garden of the earth !
 Her sons in gilded slavery
 Mocked by the stranger's mirth,
 Her gifted children forced to roam
 From court to court to seek a home,
 Discarded when some courtier's tongue
 A stain upon their name hath flung !
 The flags of conquering potentates
 Are by her breezes fann'd—
 A battle-field for neighbouring states,—
 Such is our own bright land !

" Rememberest thou our home that stood
 Upon Sorrento's Bay ?
 How gently on the purple flood
 Its peaceful image lay !

Within its walls were loving words;
 Fair children, glad as singing-birds;
 And one, in whose calm smile they dwelt
 A charm for ev'ry care I'd felt.
 Behind it rose the mountain-heights,
 And we could climb to distant sites
 And breathe their gladd'ning air,
 And, as we passed, the flowers and trees
 Were filled with sound of birds and bees,—

Paphos was not more fair!
 Amid that mountain-wilderness
 No noonday sunshine burns;
 The Naiads, in each deep recess,
 Pour from their silver urns
 A thousand pure and laughing rills,
 That leap like fawns along the hills;
 And far away, across the seas,
 Gleam Naples' marble palaces.
 It was a dwelling meet for me,
 Rejoiced in spirit to be free
 From all the trammels of a court,
 And I have joined my children's sport
 With laugh as light as theirs:
 For like a weary bird that flies
 From bough to bough, when tempests rise,
 And finds at last its quiet nest,—
 So deemed I I had found my rest,
 So left my dreary cares!

"Thou knowest what wrongs fair Naples bore,
 Until her sons could bear no more,
 And all their sleeping pride awoke
 To burst the Spaniard's galling yoke.
 'Twas then I left my home of love,—

Ah! well they deemed, of yore,
 That Syrens from Sorrento's grove
 Called voyagers to the shore!
 And with Salerno's Prince I went.
 From land to land our steps we bent
 To ask the stranger's aid.

A gloomy time was that, my son,
 For silent sadness; one by one,
 I saw my dear hopes fade!

And when at last I rested here,
 I deemed no new distress or fear
 Should haunt my clouded way.

There is no rest for me! no peace,
 Till death the burdened soul release!
 Why doth the loiterer stay?"

The eve is fading into night;
 The ruined piles, that were so bright
 Only an hour ago,
 Are frowning now like giant forms
 That dare the rage of wars and storms,
 And from the darkly-clouded sky
 And drear and chill solemnity
 Falls on the earth below.

The child hath seized his father's hand,
 He whispers, "Linger not!
 Like spirits those lone ruins stand.—

Come home from this sad spot!"

"Nay, let us stay awhile, my boy:
 Sad as this place may seem,
 'Tis dear to those who feel that joy
 Is but a childish dream.

Well does it suit the hearts that know
 Life's hollow vanity and woe ;
 For they who deemed themselves undying,
 Around us here in heaps are lying,
 Unnoticed or unknown ;
 And in yon proudest works of men
 The gliding snake has made its den ;
 The very dust on which we tread
 Is but the ashes of the dead,
 Or victor's arch o'erthrown.
 The young have nursed their dreams of fame
 Upon this river-shore,
 And fondly smiled to think their name
 Should live for evermore.
 Vain ! vain such thought ! and vainer still
 The eagerness to raise
 A token in this world of ill.—
 Of trouble-haunted days !”

“ My Father, these are bitter words !—
 Better to tend the lowing herds
 In peasant's rudest ignorance,
 Than thus, with a foreboding glance,
 To dwell on future sadness,
 And see the blight on ev'ry flow'r
 That might have cheered us one short hour,
 And pain in ev'ry gladness !”

“ Nay, Boy,”—and all the shadows roll
 From the inspired Poet's soul,—
 “ Nay ! think not genius bringeth sorrow—
 It is a false belief !
 Rather it giveth strength to borrow
 Joy from ev'ry grief.”

Among the miscellaneous poems, we have been much pleased with
 “ The Duke of Reichstadt,” “ A Song for Exiles,” and “ The Stars.”

Of the poems for youth our favourites are “ The Spring Morning in
 Newfoundland,” “ The Beginning of Winter,” “ The Snow Birds,” “ The
 Fog-gun,” and “ Wall Flowers.” There are also some touching lines in
 “ The Departure.”

In the present popular indisposition to poetry it is hard to say what
 will attract, but we think that Miss Prescott's modest little volume me-
 rits some share of attention by the frequent beauty of her execution, and
 the unvarying purity of her thoughts.

We add what follows for the edification of Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Gregg,
 Mr. Roby, and the rest who forget their manners over their wine.

ODE TO THE QUEEN.

“ Oh ! our's is the fairest land
 On which the sun looks down,
 And our's is the brightest Queen
 That ever wore a crown.
 Old England's sons are kind and brave,
 Her daughters good and fair,
 With open hand, and gen'rous heart,
 And spirits free as air.
 No fields wear richer green than hers !
 No streams more silv'ry sheen,—
 A blessing on our own dear land !
 A blessing on our Queen !

Notices of New Works.

Old England's red-cross banner waves

O'er many a foreign sod,—

Where'er the foot of man can roam

Her gallant sons have trod.

On many a distant shore are laid

Her brave, in battle slain,

But the banner of Old England shone

Victorious o'er the plain!

'Tis planted 'neath the Indian skies,

It cheers the Arctic scene,—

A blessing on our own dear land!

A blessing on our Queen!

Old England's sons have borne afar,

Uncheck'd by want or pain,

The words of faith, and love, and hope,

By desert and by main;

Have bravely met the martyr's doom,

And, with uplifted hand,

Still pray'd that light might chase the shades

From ev'ry heathen land.

Fair temples in the wilderness

Rise up where they have been,

A blessing on our own dear land!

A blessing on our Queen!

To cheer the sad, and help th' oppress'd,

Is England's dearest care;

The homeless exile seeks her shores,

Secure of welcome there!

Her gallant vessels ride the seas

To free the trembling slave,—

For tyranny is for the mean,

And kindness for the brave!

Hope rises in the suff'rer's heart

When England's flag is seen.

A blessing on our own dear land!

A blessing on our Queen!

Her nobles have their palace home,

Her poor their quiet cot,

Beside the meanest door aye smiles

The blooming garden-plot.

Upon her hills are waving woods,

Along her vales broad parks,

Upon her mighty rivers float

Her merchants' freighted barks.

There's not a port in foreign lands

Where Britons are not seen.

A blessing on our own dear land!

A blessing on our Queen!

Oh! many great and conq'ring kings

Have ruled our lovely land,

But happier is the gentle sway

Of woman's sceptred hand!

A blessing on the fair young head

Of her who rules the Isles,

And loves to meet the cheering light

Of a grateful people's smiles!

May the future of VICTORIA's life

Be as the past has been!

A blessing on our own dear land!

A blessing on our Queen!

A Comparative View of Ancient History; embracing a Sketch of the Contemporary History of the Nations of Antiquity. To which are added, An Explanation of Chronological Eras, and a Review of the different Ancient and Modern Systems of Computing Time. By JOSHUA TOULMIN SMITH, Author of "Progress of Philosophy among the Ancients," "Introduction to the Latin Language," "Discovery of America by the Northmen," &c.

In writing this compendious work, the author proposed to produce something which should be at once a class-book in the study of history, and an assistant and book of reference in general private reading. "Histories," he says, (and truly,) "are too generally studied apart, and not in their connexion in point of time. This is the case, not only in studying different histories in different works at different periods, but even in the perusal of what are commonly termed 'Universal Histories.' Contemporaneous events are not placed side by side before the pupil's view, so that he may at once trace the comparative state of the world in different parts, and among different nations, at the same time. But history, to be truly useful, should always be studied in this view. The progress of the human race, the observation of which is one of the most important ends in history, can only be perceived aright by constantly keeping before the eye different histories in this aspect."

What Mr. J. T. Smith proposes, and what the student wants, will be assisted materially by the "Historical Atlas," which the Count Las Casas published under the name of Le Sage; by M. Michelet's "Tableau Chronologique de l'Histoire Moderne," and by other works of the kind which abound in well-arranged tables. And these tables should be used as Lord Chesterfield used his geographical maps—that is, they should be hung up in the study, the parlour, the bed-room, or in any place where they will most frequently meet the eye.

The volume before us is executed with very unusual care and skill, and will really serve admirably to show the connexion of different histories in point of time. There are a few learned notes proper for those who have mastered the rudiments; and there are "Observations on Chronological Eras," combining information derived from numerous and different sources, which bring together a body of facts, illustrations, and calculations, interesting to all.

The author's introductory remarks on the use and study of history are so good, that we wish he had given us more of them. In the regrets and opinions expressed in the following passage we entirely concur. Something is doing, and more will be done, in the right direction; but until some other provision is made for historical literature (as in France by the government) we much doubt whether any great progress will be made.

"It is much to be regretted, that the works of the writers of the last two centuries are at the present day so little known in general, as is undoubtedly the case, even among those who imagine themselves to be, and some of whom really are, literary men. It is undeniable, that there was more of *solidity* and of *zeal* in the pursuit of their investigations, among the learned men of those days, than is generally the case at present,—when what is termed "light reading" has taken the place of really sound and healthy literature. It is doubtless the fact, that the investigations of some, during the period referred to, were directed to subjects of little interest and importance; but it may be safely asserted, that these are the *exceptions*, not the rule. The dark night of the "middle ages," with its accompanying mysticisms and absurd speculations, had passed away, and the general tone of inquiry had assumed a more healthy form. The literature of the present day, and especially historical literature, would be in a miserable condition indeed, were it not for the

labours and investigations bestowed by the learned men of those times. Many of their works might, even now, be made very useful, if translated and published in a popular form."

We have on our table another work by the same author, entitled "*The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century.*" From a glance which we have taken, it appears that Mr. J. T. Smith therein gives the result of much research and learning in a light and somewhat fantastical manner, hoping, no doubt, to obtain by these means the attention of those who would be scared from a dry historico-geographical disquisition. The subject is an exceedingly curious one, and we intend to give the book an attentive perusal. Next month we hope to be able to speak to its merits.

Oriental Outlines ; or, a Rambler's Recollections of a Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Tuscany, in 1838. By WILLIAM KNIGHT.

Mr. William Knight has been a very attentive reader of all the modern books on the Levant from Mac Farlane's "*Constantinople*," published in 1829, to Miss Pardoe's "*City of the Sultan*," published last year. He has, however, collected a few interesting particulars from his own observation, and his book is not without a certain interest and value. It is small, will lie snugly in a corner of the portmanteau, and may be very serviceable to such travellers as have never read many books, and can carry but few with them. It will tell the inexperienced what they have to see in various places, and how they are to set about seeing it. Nor is it silent as to inns, lodging-houses, and similar points so important to most tourists.

Upon the whole, Mr. Knight draws rather a favourable picture of the Greeks. His description of the Island of Tino is very interesting.

Gatherings from Grave Yards, particularly those of London, with a concise History of the Modes of Interment among different Nations, from the earliest period. And a detail of dangerous and fatal results produced by the unwise and revolting custom of inhuming the dead in the midst of the living. By G. A. WALKER, Surgeon.

Our legislators, who have recently shown such a wonderful quickness of vision to small nuisances, seem to be stone-blind to great ones. They have persecuted Punch, they have put down dog-carts, they have silenced the carrier's bell, and (to say nothing of other gigantic abuses) they have overlooked the crowded, reeking, and loathsome churchyards and burying-grounds in the heart of London, in the rear of our butchers' and bakers' shops, in the most thronged parts of the town, where they serve as a focus to disease and death. The monstrous evil was felt in Paris, and was rectified, (even before the revolution!) in the year 1786. Other cities followed the example of Paris, but we, who consider our capital so far superior to that of France in all the essentials of cleanliness and comfort, have gone on in the old abomination, and since 1786 have actually heaped nearly *two millions* of bodies in our metropolis, where it has become more difficult to find room for the dead than for the living, and where disease has been originated, and constantly is being derived from these horrible accumulations of decomposing animal matter—those corpses piled upon corpses till the churchyards have been raised many feet above the level of the adjoining streets!

"In these things," said the Quarterly Review, twenty years ago,

the most barbarous savages might reasonably be shocked at our barbarity!" "And can we wonder," says Mr. Walker, "that disease and death are making frightful ravages, when millions of human bodies are putrefying in the very midst of us?"

This gentleman deserves the highest praise for the pains he has taken in investigating personally the actual state of our burial-grounds and system of burying, and in collecting all the facts that bear upon the important though repulsive subject. We have read every line of his book, and, if it affect others only half as much as it has done us, it must inevitably produce an excitement which will end in a thorough reform of the horrors complained of, in spite of parsons' fees, vestry-room economics, or the profits of companies or individuals, who would care not if they made all London one Golgotha, provided only they made money by it. We trust, indeed, that the next session of parliament will not be allowed to pass without removing this foul blot from the national escutcheon. In the mean while, we earnestly call the attention of our legislators to Mr. Walker's book. Many of them will find horrors in it which they never dreamed of in their rose-coloured and sweet-scented philosophy.

Our author's account of the manner in which the dead were first allowed to make foul and horrible the inmost recesses, the vaults, aisles, and galleries of the very house of God, is exceedingly curious, and is correct to the letter. Indeed, more than half his book is amusing as a literary essay, and interesting as a piece of antiquarianism.

Sir Redmond; a Metrical Romance. By MRS. EDWARD THOMAS, Author of "Tranquil Hours."

On the appearance of this Lady's former work, we had the pleasure of expressing our approbation of some of her sweet verses. We are happy to find that we were not alone in this, but that the general voice of the press has been such as to encourage the fair author again to venture before the public. Of her present work she thus speaks:—

"In the present production, which may properly be ranked only under the character of a romance, I have made it my object, under the leaves of fiction, to conceal the fruit of what has ever appeared to me the greatest and best purpose of fiction, the inculcation of serious, moral truth, endeavouring to depict as strongly as possible the innate misery, in diversified forms, attendant on vice, even in its most prosperous career, and the native peace and power of endurance which belong to virtue and innocence, even under the most trying and discouraging circumstances; showing, so far as I possessed the power, that while on the one hand small were the resources capable of diverting the sorrows of a pure and innocent heart—so, on the other hand, not all the gifts, the most lavish gifts of fortune, could irradiate with one gleam of true pleasure the mind on which guilt and impiety had cast their deadly shade. How far I have succeeded in that which formed the principal purpose of the present performance, I leave it to the candid and impartial reader to determine."

The design thus formed Mrs. Thomas has carried out in many beautiful passages which we could cite, had we space. We must, however, content ourselves with the following extract, referring to the work itself for a variety of other pleasing thoughts, expressed in soft and often glowing language.

"'Tis situation forms the mind's resort,
Investing trifles with most high import:
The slightest sound, to the long silenced ear,
Falls like harsh discord, waking panic fear!"

The faintest beam of dawn's returning light,
 Glows too effulgent on the captive's sight ;
 And memory's distant rays, subdued as dreams,
 In the lone bosom, too intensely gleams
 When it depicts those scenes of early years,
 Ere the young heart had learn'd the source of tears ;
 Or, if one chanced escape the careless eye,
 The mind's bright sunshine kiss'd the stranger dry !
 Those trusted years, when, as a fairy tale,
 Life seemed replete with pleasures ne'er to fail ;
 When the capacious store-house of the breast,
 With inexhausted treasures was possess'd ;
 Ere grim experience taught that breast to know,
 This world hath others besides fabled woe.
 O misery ! to break such halcyon sleep,
 And o'er the fond delusive dream to weep :
 With hand too rude, the tendrils to unbind,
 Fondly enwreathed around the sanguine mind—
 And as the snow in winter's cheerless day,
 Behold them drifted by despair away !
 Ah ! who is there, who hath the giant force,
 The early hopes and visions to divorce
 From the devoted heart, and lay it bare,
 To the incursions of corroding care ?"—*Book ii. p. 114.*

New Excitement.

This little annual volume, which is intended to excite in young people a love of reading, consists, as in former years, of a series of quotations from popular books ; of marvellous adventures by sea and land, remarkable customs of foreign countries, encounters with wild beasts, &c. &c. We have tried the effect of some of the stories upon our own children, and can answer for their having been duly *excited* thereby.

Chemistry no Mystery ; or, A Lecturer's Bequest. By JOHN SCOFFERN.

This is an attempt to convey, in a light amusing manner, some notion of the leading mysteries of Chemistry to the young. On the whole, we should say that the work is likely to answer the end proposed. The definitions, experiments, &c. are expressed in the clearest language, and the scientific details are interspersed with amusing anecdotes. The book is nicely printed, and the indispensable wood-cuts are neat and clear.

The Penitent : A Domestic Story of the Nineteenth Century.

This story more resembles some stern reality than fiction and romance. We should say, that there is the least possible share of imagination in it. The author's language is, at times, rather too vernacular. See, for example, a speech of Miss Margaret's at page 230, and the speech of her young friend at page 233. Moreover, the whole course of Miss Margaret's life, though probably true enough, is exhibited in colours that are rather too strong. The object of the book is a moral one, but we much doubt whether morality ever gains by too broad and too open exhibitions of vice.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

The Popular Encyclopedia ; being a General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, Biography, History, and Political Economy. Reprinted from the American Edition of the "Conversations Lexicon." With corrections and additions, so as to render it suitable to this country, and bring it down to the present time. With Dissertations on the Rise and Progress of Literature. By Sir D. K. SANDFORD, A.M., OXON., D. C. L. *On the progress of Science.* By THOMAS THOMSON, M. D., F.R.S.L. and E., &c. &c. *And on the Progress of the Fine Arts.* By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq.—This cheap and useful work is now completed, with the exception of a part of the Appendix. Most of the articles translated from the German, and many added by the American Editors, are very valuable ; but we still think that not much has been done for the work in this country.

The Practical Chemist's Pocket Guide ; being an easy Introduction to the Study of Chemistry. By WILLIAM HOPE, M.D., Operative Chemist.—Good as far as it goes, and very easy.

Historical Sketches of the Old Painters. By the Authoress of "*Three Experiments of Living*."—A cheap reprint of a very striking American work, which has, hitherto, been but little known in England. We hope that the publishers will go on with this "*Standard American Literature*." Success, we should think, is certain.

Indian Hours, or Passion and Poetry of the Tropics ; comprising the Nuptials of Barcelona, and the Music-Shell. By R. N. DUNBAR, author of "*The Cruise*," "*The Caraguin*," &c. Only so so, as poetry ; but the thoughts are kind and generous, and some of the prose notes about the West Indies are very interesting.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by MRS. SHELLEY.—Mr. Moxon here presents us with a beautiful edition, in one volume, printed in double column, like Mr. Murray's single volume edition of Byron's works. We find all the notes and biographical sketches which were inserted in the pocket edition in four volumes. It is a very handsome library book.

Pocket Diary, with Life and Annuity Tables of the National Endowment and Assurance Society, Arthur-street West, London Bridge.—A very serviceable little book put forth by Mr. A. A. FRY, Actuary to the National Endowment and Assurance Society, with the view of extending the knowledge of the existence and nature of those institutions, by which the poor man may make provision for his children or for his own helpless old age.

Plain Rules for Commuting Tithes. By JELINGER C. SYMONS, of the Middle Temple.—Very short and very clear, and likely to be useful to rural clergymen and others, who have small arithmetic and little aptitude in understanding the verbose, round-about language of acts of parliament.

A Catechism of the Natural History of Man ; containing an account of the Peculiar Character of the Human Species ; their Progress and Development ; and a Sketch of the different Varieties of Mankind, with the Causes of their Distinctions. Illustrated by nine Engravings. By JAMES NICOL.—This is one of the best of Messrs. Oliver and Boyd's Catechisms of Elementary Knowledge. The most important points are seized upon and treated with great simplicity and brevity. The condensation seldom or never injures the sense. The following question and answer will give a notion of the brevity, and convey at the same time a very advantageous opinion of the recent improvements in medicine and in the means and the art of living.

"Q. Has any change in the duration of life occurred in Europe of late years ?

"A. Yes ; in 1780, one-half, or fifty per cent., of the children born died in the first ten years of their life ; three-fourths, or seventy-five per cent., before fifty ; and only eighteen in a hundred reached sixty ; whereas in 1825 it was calculated that little more than one-third, or thirty-eight per cent., died before ten, and two-thirds, or sixty-six per cent. before fifty, whilst twenty-three in a hundred reached sixty years.

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. By MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.—The worst of a perniciously bad class of books—the absolute maximum of humbug !

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Smith's Discovery of America, crown 8vo. 8s. 6d.
 Earl's Voyages of the Dourga, along the Southern Coast of Guinea. 8vo. 10s. 8d.
 Bacchus, a Prize Essay on the Nature, Causes, &c. of Intemperance. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
 Campbell's British India, in its relation to the Decline of Hindooism, &c. 8vo. 12s.
 Goethe's Faust, Part II. by L. J. Bernays. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Lingard's England, Vol. XIII. 12mo. 5s.
 The Trials of Margaret Lindsay. New Edition. Fcap. 6s.
 The Death of Demosthenes, and other Poems, by G. C. Fox, Esq. 12mo. 8s.
 Massacre of the Bards, and other Poems, by Henry Gilpin. 12mo. 5s.
 The Family which Jesus Loved, Seventeen Lectures, by Haldane Stewart. 12mo. 6s.
 Leach's Introduction to the London Pharmacopœia. Third Edition. 18mo. 5s.
 Thomson's Sacramental Addresses. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
 Bloomfield's Manual of Private Devotion. New Edition. Royal 32mo. 1s. 3d.
 Schloss's English Bijou Almanac, 1840, with Miniature Portrait of Prince Albert of Saxe Cobourg, 1s. 6d. plain ; 3s. morocco ; Eye-glasses to ditto, 1s. 6d.
 The Field of the Cloth of Gold of Eglintoun. By H. Curling. Post 8vo. 3s.
 Self Control. By Mrs. Brunton. People's Edition. 8vo. 2s. 2d.
 Maclehoze's New Picture of Sydney, and Stranger's Guide in New South Wales for 1839. 12mo. 7s.
 The New South Wales and Port Phillip Post Office Directory for 1839. 4s. 6d.
 Latin Syntax and Delectus. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
 Hobart's Ordination Questions and Answers. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
 The Blessing of Peace. 32mo. 1s.
 The Moravian Mission in North America. Fcap. 4s.
 Cotterill's Youthful Piety Exemplified. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Little Mary, or God in Everything. Two parts. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The Fourth Edition of Sir E. Lytton Bulwer's new Drama, "THE SEA-CAPTAIN, OR THE BIRTHRIGHT," has been published.

The new edition of Sir E. L. Bulwer's works, in Monthly Volumes, to which we alluded in our last, is to be commenced on the first of February, with "THE RETROSPECT," "A LITERARY MEMOIR," and "THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE." The engravings for this volume are to be after Cattermole, whose drawings it is almost needless to say are always beautiful. The second volume, containing the completion of "The Pilgrims," and "Rienzi," to be published on the first of March, will be illustrated by M'Clise and Creswick. We have no doubt that the series will have a very extensive sale.

Mrs. Postan's new work, "WESTERN INDIA IN 1838," is now published. After what we said in our last number of this interesting work, we need only add, that

the illustrations appear to have been happily chosen, and add considerably to the literary attractions of these tasteful volumes.

Mrs. Jameson has, we understand, nearly completed her new work, "SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY ILLUSTRATED." We anticipate great pleasure from its perusal.

Miss Pigott's "RECORDS OF REAL LIFE IN THE PALACE AND THE COTTAGE" is nearly ready, and may be expected about the 10th instant. It is rare that a publication of this kind appears, containing the real correspondence of a fashionable coterie. Many in high stations are looking for this work with no ordinary degree of expectation.

Major Hort's new work on Gibraltar has just appeared, but too late for our review department. We shall make a point of attending to it in our next.

Mr. Nash's Treatise on the Drama is announced for publication on the first instant.

Lady Charlotte Bury's new work, entitled "FAMILY RECORDS," is in progress; also Miss Waddington's new novel "THE MONK AND THE MARRIED MAN;" the latter is expected to appear about the middle of the month.

The new edition of "MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE FOR 1840" is to appear on the 14th. It is expected to be the most correct edition of this valuable work, so celebrated for its correctness, that has yet appeared.

Early in December will appear "THE PROTESTANT EXILES OF ZILLERTHAL; their persecutions and expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish church and embracing the Protestant faith." Translated from the German of Dr. Rheinwald, of Berlin, by John B. Saunders. The work will be dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

Major Patterson, author of "Adventures in the 50th, or Queen's Own Regiment," has just committed to the press a new work, entitled "CAMP AND QUARTERS, OR SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS OF MILITARY LIFE," extending over a considerable period of the late eventful war. The work is to be comprised in two volumes, and is intended to appear forthwith.

A new work, entitled "THE REAL AND THE IDEAL," principally consisting of Scenes in the romantic regions of Italy, is preparing for publication from the pen of a gentleman of high literary attainments.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We regret to find the reports from our manufacturing districts still but little encouraging. The demand is not sufficient to carry off the product, even on a limited scale. No doubt the present state of affairs in America must be felt among our artisans. We trust a speedy change for the better will take place. There are yet many questions of great national importance remaining to be tried, and not the least of these is that of the Corn Laws. The provincial journals are much occupied with this topic, predicting that it must be heard and met in the approaching session.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of Nov.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 178 to 179. Three per Cent. Consols, 90 and a-half to five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 97½ to 97¾.—Exchequer Bills, 1000l., 7s. 4s. dis.—India Bonds, 11s. 6s. dis.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New Five per Cent., 31½.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 52 three-fourths.—Brazilian Five per Cents., 71, 72.—Spanish Bonds, 23½.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—We have no new feature to notice under this head. Everything on 'Change just now is in a comparatively quiescent state. The prices were as above.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1839.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Oct.					
23	55-40	30.01-29.98	S.E.		General overcast, with frequent rain.
24	51-48	30.01-29.95	S.E.	.225	Cloudy, with frequent rain.
25	51-42	30.22-30.12	N.E.	.325	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
26	52-40	30.21-30.20	N.		Generally clear, rain during the afternoon.
27	49-35	30.17-30.13	N.		Generally clear, rain during the afternoon.
28	48-36	30.24-30.16	N.E.	.0125	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the even.
29	46-35	30.22-30.13	N.E.		Generally clear, except the evening rainy.
30	47-38	30.06-29.98	N.E.	.1	Generally cloudy.
31	41-37	29.88-29.78	N.E.		Gen. overcast, rain in the morn. and afternoon.
Nov.					
1	47-39	29.69-29.64	N.E.		General overcast.
2	47-41	29.60-29.52	N.E.	.0621	Overcast, raining generally all the day.
3	53-44	29.53-29.52	E.	.25	General overcast, rain fell in the evening.
4	53-45	29.47-29.44	S.W.	.2875	Generally cloudy, rain in the morning and even.
5	51-43	29.62-29.45	W.	.0875	Generally cloudy, raining during the night.
6	50-44	29.65-29.60	W.		Cloudy.
7	53-42	29.58 Stat.	E.	.0875	Cloudy, rain fell in the evening.
8	54-45	29.62-29.61	S.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
9	53-45	29.58-29.42	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the evening.
10	53-47	29.34-29.12	S.E.		Cloudy, raining generally all the day.
11	51-46	29.27-29.13	S.W.	.7125	Generally clear.
12	53-38	29.45-29.33	N.		Generally cloudy.
13	51-40	29.83-29.64	N.E.		General overcast.
14	52-45	29.92-29.80	S.		Cloudy, rain in the afternoon and evening.
15	55-49	29.89-29.79	S.	.05	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
16	50-50	29.86-29.78	S.	.0125	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
17	57-48	29.94-29.92	S.W.		Gen. overcast, rain in the afternoon and evening.
18	56-52	29.90-29.83	S.W.	.4	Cloudy, raining all the morning.
19	53-45	29.90-29.88	S.W.	.4125	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy with rain.
20	48-40	29.96-29.91	N.W.	.05	Generally clear.
21	47-32	29.58-29.40	E.	.275	Cloudy with rain.
22	44-32	30.02-29.89	N.	.0125	Generally clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 22, TO NOV. 15, 1839, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 22.—J. M. Machin, High Holborn, hotel-keeper.—J. Blomfield, Lynn, bookseller.—W. James, Malinslee, Shropshire, coal merchant.—E. Long, Tavistock, grocer.—W. J. Horsell, Aberporth, Cardiganshire, maltster.—D. Bickley, Devonport, cabinet maker.—H. Martin, Liverpool, wine dealer.—G. Rudston, Kingston-upon-Hull, woollen-draper.—H. P. Hutchings, Hastings, hotel keeper.—E. Butler, Alcester, Warwickshire, fellmonger.—H. Tarboton, Thorne, Yorkshire, corn-dealer.

Oct. 25.—N. Davis, Westerham, Kent, inn keeper.—J. M. D. Kieffer, Southampton-street, Covent-garden.—R. Archer, Queen-st. Cheapside, wine merchant.—J. Lasalle, Muscovy-court, Trinity-square, merchant.

Oct. 29.—W. Phillips, Stanford Rivers, Essex, dealer.—W. Francis, Birmingham, woollen draper.—J. H. Curtis, Soho-square, bookseller.—R. Richardson, Judd-street, New Road, boot-maker.—J. Sheppard Birmingham, manufac-

turer of plated wares.—J. Truscott, Manchester, share broker.—C. Burch, Barnstaple, Devonshire, auctioneer.—T. Johnston, jun, Lewes, Sussex, dealer in horses.—J. Haxworth, Sheffield, surgeon.—J. and W. H. Hamilton, Manchester, calico printers.

Nov. 1.—G. Pennell, St. James's Place, St. James's street, picture dealer.—L. James, Little Tower street, coal merchant.—R. Perkins, Broadway, Westminster, grocer.—R. Swansborough and H. Oake, Bread-street, Ware-housemen, and Grimsby, Lincolnshire, flax dressers.—M. Noke, Maidenhead, Berkshire, upholder.—S. Coxhead, Westminster bridge road, oilman.—P. Paul, sen. and P. Paul, jun. Silver-street, Golden-square, timber merchants.—W. F. Morris, Chester wharf, Pimlico, coal merchant.—J. Gorton, Lichfield, builder.—H. W. Armstrong, Birmingham, cooper.—G. Sheppard, Thornton-le-Clay, Yorkshire, corn dealer.—W. J. Howell, Aberporth, Cardigan-

shire, maltster.—M. Cowing, Warden, Northumberland, innkeeper.—J. Irving, and T. Bamber, Preston, Lancashire, wine merchants.

Nov. 5.—A. Bunn, Theatre Royal Drury-lane, printer.—E. T. Rogers, Woodford, Essex, smith and ironmonger.—W. Gardiner, Wokingham, grocer.—J. Nicholl, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner.—W. Nicholl and A. Nicholl, Greetland, Yorkshire, worsted-spinners.—J. Bretherton and W. Harrison, Litherhead, Lancashire, coach-proprietors.—J. Moss and J. Moss, Smedley, Lancashire, dyers.—T. Butterworth, Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—A. Butterworth, Mosley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—M. Saville, Stalybridge, Lancashire, mercer.—S. Lenox, Liverpool, sail-maker.—R. Pacey, Alford, Lincolnshire, ironmonger.—J. Shingles, Norwich, innkeeper.

Nov. 8.—B. Bennett, Clement's-court, Milk-street, commission agent.—L. E. Gordon, Dean's-place, South Lambeth, bookseller.—J. Williams, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, architectural book publisher.—M. Fern, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, plasterer.—J. Westwood, Birmingham, gunmaker.—J. Noble, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, draper.—A. Gittins and J. Cartwright, Shrewsbury, ironmongers.—H. Lucas, Leominster, Herefordshire, dealer in wines.—J. Ross, Halifax, Yorkshire, wool-

stapler.—H. Aldrich, Ipswich, corn-merchant B. Crowther, Mirfield, Yorkshire, malster.—T. Cox, Birmingham, lamp-manufacturer.

Nov. 12.—T. Perry, Uxbridge, clothes salesman.—W. J. Milne and R. Morrison, Percy-street, Rathbone-place, piano-forte-makers.—J. Masson, Lime-street-square, City, merchant.—H. Groombridge, Bermondsey, New-road, carpenter.—T. Coats and W. Coats, Carnaby-street, Carnaby-market, carpenters.—A. E. Shelley, Upper Ground-street, Blackfriars, coal merchant.—T. Johnson, Liverpool, coach proprietor.—A. Holmes, Heap, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—H. Potts, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, publican.—J. N. McEvoy, Birmingham, hook and eye manufacturer.—W. H. Smithers, jun., Brighton, printer.—J. Rowles, Leicester, worsted manufacturer.—H. W. Hayman, Liverpool, merchant.

Nov. 15.—T. McDonnell, Pall mall, boot-maker.—O. Halls, Bow, Middlesex, grocer.—H. V. Garman, Coburn-terrace, Bow-road, apothecary.—W. Hill, Bridge-street, Lambeth, ironmonger.—A. Guy and L. Dakin, Manchester, fustian-manufacturers.—J. Booth, Rawdon, Yorkshire, clothier.—J. Rolling, Alfreton, Derbyshire, ale merchant.—J. Prescott, Leeds, shoemaker.—J. L. Lucas, Birmingham, druggist.—H. Parry, Digbeth, Birmingham, tailor.

NEW PATENTS.

J. C. Robertson, of Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, for an improved method of manufacturing artificial marble. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 27th, 6 months.

H. J. Pidding, of Osnaburgh Street, Middlesex, Artist, for improvements in collars for horses and other animals. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 27th, 6 months.

F. Maceroni, of Saint James's Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in steam-boilers or generators. September 27th, 6 months.

T. R. Williams, of Cheapside, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of flexible fibrous substances or compositions, applicable to covering buildings and other useful purposes, and also the machinery used therein. September 28th, 6 months.

W. H. Burke, of Shoreditch, for improvements in the mode of constructing vessels for containing air, applicable to the purposes of raising sunken, or lifting floating, bodies under or in water, and of fastening such vessels to chains, or other machinery or apparatus, to be used for raising or lifting such bodies. October 3rd, 6 months.

J. Cutler, of Lady Pool Lane, Sparbrook, Warwick, for certain improved combinations of metals to be used for various purposes. October 3rd, 6 months.

S. Hall, of Basford, Nottingham, Engineer, for improvements in machinery for propelling. October 7th, 6 months.

F. G. Spilsbury, of Walsall, Staffordshire, Chemist, M. F. C. D. Corbaux, of Upper Norton Street, Middlesex, and A. S. Byrne, of Montague Square, Gentleman, for improvements in paints, or pigments and vehicles, and in modes of applying paints, pigments, and vehicles. October 3rd, 6 months.

J. Lothian, of Edinburgh, Geographer, for improvements in apparatus for measuring or ascertaining weights, strains, or pressure. October 10th, 6 months.

J. B. Humphreys, of Southampton, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in shipping generally, and in steam-vessels in particular, some of these improvements being individually novel, and some the result of novel application or combination of parts already known. October 10th, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Deanston Works, Kilmarnock, Perth, Cotton Spinner, for a self-acting temple, applicable to looms for working fabrics, whether moved by hand or power. October 10th, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Deanston Works, Perth, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements applicable to canal navigation. October 10th, 6 months.

J. S. Worth, of Manchester, Merchant, for improvements in rotatory engines, to

be worked by steam and other fluids, such engines being also applicable for pumping water and other liquids. October 10th, 6 months.

D. Harcourt, of Birmingham, Brass Founder, for certain improvements in castors for furniture and other purposes. October 10th, 6 months.

R. E. Morrice, of King William Street, London, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and coverings for the legs. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 17th, 6 months.

J. Dickinson, of Bedford Row, Holborn, Middlesex, Esquire, for certain improvements in the manufacture of paper. October 17th, six months.

J. C. Haddan, of Bazing Place, Waterloo Road, Civil Engineer, and G. Hawks, of Gateshead Iron Works, Durham, for certain improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages to be used on railways. October 17th, 6 months.

J. Yates, of the Effingham Works, Rotherham, Iron Founder, for certain improvements in the construction of furnaces. October 19th, 6 months.

C. Rober, of Leadenhall Street, Cloth Manufacturer, for improvements in fixing colour in cloth. October 19th, 2 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for working or manufacturing screws. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 24th, 6 months.

J. Sutcliffe, of Henry Street, Limerick, Builder, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for raising and forcing water, or other fluids, and increasing the power of water upon water-wheels, and other machinery. October 24th, 6 months.

G. Craydon, of Sloane Street, Chelsea, for certain improvements in instruments for which letters patent were formerly granted to him, and which were called therein, A new compass for navigation, and other purposes; parts of which improvements are applicable to instruments for measuring angles at sea or on shore, by aid of reflection or refraction, or of reflection combined with refraction; and part are applicable to magnetic compasses, for ascertaining true bearings from celestial observations, and for comparing the same with the bearing of the magnetic needle contained in such compasses, whereby to determine and to be enabled to allow for the deviation of such needle from the true meridian, whether by variation, local attraction, or other cause of error. October 24th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

We are happy to have to record the important event of her Majesty's proposed marriage, which was communicated to the Privy Council on Saturday, the 23rd ult.

The object of her Majesty's choice is Prince Albert of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha. He is a few months younger than her Majesty, having been born on the 26th of August, 1819, her Majesty's birth-day being the 24th of May in the same year.

It is understood that Prince Albert and her Majesty have long felt towards each other a strong attachment; and, from an union under such circumstances, her Majesty's loyal subjects indulge the hope that in the strong assurance which she feels, that "with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure her domestic felicity, and serve the interests of her country," she will not be disappointed.

Prince Albert is not only a Protestant, but descended in a right line from the eldest branch of the House of Saxony, which protected Luther, and enabled the Reformation to take root. In the war to which the Reformation led, the great ancestor of the Prince was unsuccessful and stripped of his possessions; but the people of Germany have always a grateful attachment to the illustrious house which, at the critical period when the Reformation was struggling for existence, afforded to its founders a secure asylum and an effective patronage. In Germany, where religious bigotry prevails less than in England, even Catholic writers allow that the Protestant Reformation was a blessing to Europe, and that Luther reformed the Church of Rome itself while he founded another; and both Catholics and Protestants revere the memory of the great Elector of Saxony, the ancestor of the house of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha.

Throughout the whole of Saturday there was the greatest excitement in town. On the countenances of the people satisfaction at the announced marriage of her Majesty was expressed in a manner not to be mistaken. On the breaking up of the Council, Ministers were loudly cheered on their way from the Palace.

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